

A black and white portrait of a woman, Miss Ruth Hanna, framed in an ornate oval. The woman has dark hair styled in an updo and is looking slightly to the right. The frame is decorated with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns. The name "MISS RUTH HANNA" is printed in a stylized font at the bottom left of the frame.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24. — On New Year's night Miss Ruth Hanna, daughter of Senator Mark A. Hanna, will make her formal debut as a society girl at a reception to which 1,000 guests have been invited.

Up to a couple of years ago Miss Ruth rode horseback astride and was one of the most familiar figures in the western section of the city.

CHILDREN'S CAR-FARES ACCORDING TO HEIGHT.

There has loomed before the mind of an acute passenger agent the possibility

of taxing children on trains not by age, but by height of arranging special rates of fare for special inches of stature. Won't it far any ordinary mamma if the day comes when the fact that Charlie's charge for his age, pounds 10, is the same as the trip instead of taking it away?

Naturally, the man who has originally proposed it feels obliged to defend it. He says:

"There is absolutely no way in which I could pay differential rates between children and adults. We are entirely dependent upon the word of our parents, guardians, and others in charge of the children. The present fare on the road is that children under five years pay half the carriage fee. Between five and twelve years full fare. Above twelve a child under the five-year limit may be unusually large for his age and the company would be obliged to pay more than a child more than five may be unusually small for the age and be passed as an adult."

After refreshing himself with a draught of wood alcohol from his private bottle one night last week Capt. 'Belled Shirt' Baker, President of the Hobo Club, sat down at the head of a long white pine table in the saloon of J. Volta, at No. 35 Mulberry street, and rapped for order.

"Gents," he said. "this is the second annual banquet of our club; come to order and sit down. Volta, bring the grub."

Forty hoboes wearing small red and blue paper caps seated themselves along both sides of the table. This was the menu:

Beer, Soup

Beers, Pigs' Feet, Pickles.
Beers, Charlotte, Rose.
Beers was served with every course and at the end of the feast in enormous glasses, and every man drank as much as he could hold. It was the second feast of the Hobo Club, and cost each member 40 cents, which he paid by contributing two cents a day into the treasurer's hands for twenty days.

Casey Unavoidably Detained.

There was a tinge of gloom over the banquet for a time owing to the enforced absence of "Club-Foot" Casey, sometimes known as "Cheer Up," who is doing "time" on the island for some offense. He is a popular member of the club, being gifted with a good singing voice, and has been choir leader of the organization ever since it was formed.

The banquet had progressed only to the second round of beer when "Weeping Willow" Petuliky, who his fellow clubmen say sheds tears most of the time, arose and lamented Casey's absence and asked that a collection be taken up for the benefit of the prisoner. He himself passed the hat around and collected 25 cents, but before he could reach his seat he was seized and the money taken from him and impounded in Volta's till. It was evident that his associates did not trust "Weeping Wil-

low." During the course of the banquet many speeches were made. The most eloquent was by "Jim the Bum, Panhandler," Secretary of the club, who uttered these words of wisdom:

"What's the use of working anyway? Work is only a habit, and a bad one."

A Waste of Compliments.
 "Jersey Slim" and "Red-Nose Ginger" also made brief addresses. "Ginger" tried to pay a compliment to Volta, proprietor of the saloon in which the feast was spread, but was called to order by "Jack the Plumber," who said: "Don't try to pile it so strong on Volta, you can't get nothing out of him. Save your breath for people that don't know you."
 "Spider, the Headwaiter," alias the "Duds," who wore two coats and a

TYTLER

THE ORIGINAL
MOBO CLUB

CAPTAIN
BOILED
SHIRT
BAKER

the shirt and necktie, and a few words over a private matter with "Bill" Sullivan, assistant sergeant-at-arms. One pulled the other off interfering with the dining line. The next moment took all of President Baker's eloquence and all the strength of "Frenchy" to keep the crowd from coming to a dinch. "Capt. Baker ended the feast with a flourish," said Sullivan. "I will say any one tell me No answer. A man is a man that wants to work, but he can't get a job. He can't get a job because he won't keep still long enough to work. Why is he a rover? It's in him." There were loud cheers when he sat down and lighted the stub of a cigar and took another small draught of wood alcohol. "The next day," Sullivan said, "Sawyer Gas" French jumped to his

"Get. 'Gals and friends," he shouted, "who says that about work? What does?"

"—Are you down on the bill for a new United States President Baker?"

"Sure not,"

"Then don't butt in," said the President, and he took his seat.

The President looked severely at several strangers who had gathered in the hall.

"This club will go into executive session for its own good," he said. The hall was cleared.

Officers Sear for Life.

The Hobo Club is composed of the most skillful handrinders in the lower section of the city—men who take pride in their profession. The club was organized in the fall of 1899, in Volusia

MRS JACK SHEEHAN

MRS JEWELL AND HER DAUGHTER

MRS McCULLAGH

BOSTON'S FIRST PERIPATETO DINNER.	
Fouraine	Oysters
Adams House	Soup
Market House	Fish
Reynolds House	Rust
Greenwich	Butter
John's Inn	Salad
Westminster Chambers	Boque
Centime	Deft-Tasse
Essex	Risicot and Camembert
Chinese Restaurant	Chop Spicy

BOSTON, Dec. 26.—Back Bay society has developed a new fad. And, oddly enough, Mrs. Jack Gardner did not originate it.


The fad was introduced to the swapper set last evening when a party of eight, made up of an equal number of each sex, and occupying four automobiles, performed a now gastronomical stunt which will hereafter be known as the peripatetic dinner.

The party started out in four autos

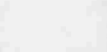
This time it was soup—rich, green turtle soup. Then the party proceeded to go through an extensive menu by visiting every first-class hotel in Boston, partaking of one course at each, until a big dinner was eaten.

Their idea is likely to become extremely popular. And one of the party's "Stars" we have had a sumptuous repast, for if we dined at any one hotel or cafe we would have but one man's cooking, but to-night we have sampled the efforts of nine of the best chefs in Boston. How tiresome any other kind of a

STANLEY WEYMAN.



I. Zangwill.
 Sarah Grand.
 Ellen Terry.
 Max O'Rell.
 Flora Annie Steel.
 T. M. Healy, M. P.
 John Dillon, M. P.
 Andrew Carnegie.



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

LADY CAMPBELL.

Sir Charles Dilke, M. P.

The Catholic Bishop of Raphoe.

Karl Blind, writer on economies.

Most Rev. William Alexander, D. D., Primate of All Ireland.

BISHOP ANDREWS.

WALTER CRANE

President Schurman, of Cornell.


George Moore, novelist.

Viscountess Haberton.


Sir Squire Bancroft, actor.

George R. Sims ("Dagonet").


The Bishop of Gloucester.




MAX BEERBOHM.




WILLIAM ARCHER.




THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.
MRS. MARGOT ASQUITH.
PRESIDENT HADLEY, OF YALE.
ERNEST TERAH HOOLEY.



WILLIAM ARCHER, dramatic critic
of the London World.



F. C. BURMAN, the editor of








THE EARL OF WEMYSS.

Punch.
Ouida.
The Duke of Rutland.


WILLIAM WATSON.

CONAN DOYLE.


 T. HEALY.  GILBERT PARKER.  SARAH GRAND.  PINERO. 

H. W. Massingham.
Gilbert Parker, M. P.
Mrs. Frances Burton Harrison.
Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist.

William Watson, poet-novelist.
The Archbishop of Canterbury.
Sir W. H. Russell, London Times
Crimean correspondent.
Walter Crane, artist, designer,
Socialist.



Most Rev. William Alexander,
D. D.
The Earl of Wemyss, great anti-
Socialist.
Joseph Arch, late M. P., laborer,
who represented Prince of




Wales district.

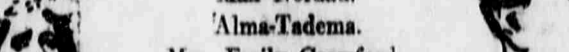
Frederick Harrison, historian.

Max Beerbohm, dramatic critic.

Rev. Hermann Adler, Chief Rabbi of Great Britain.

Gen. Booth, head of the Salvation Army.


 Cardinal Gibbons.
 Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy.
 Sir Edward Fry.
 Geo. F. Edmunds.
 William J. Bryan.
 Lord Ronald Gower.



Max Nordau.
 Alma-Tadema.
 Mrs. Emily Crawford.
 M. de Blowitz, Paris correspondent
 of the London Times.
 Miss M. E. Braddon, the novelist.

ELLEN TERRY.
 DEAN FARRAR.

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